Brat

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Brat

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Mason Verger father died and took the family fortune with him, when he was still a child. He grew up to be a hot shot lawyer with a book deal, now having to send regular emails to an incompetent artist he's been thrown together with. His only stress relief, and haven to explore his dark urges, is picking up men at bdsm clubs.

Oskar Everett is a self employed artist that has freelanced for Verger's law firm in the past, and now has been thrown together with the insufferable Mason Verger on a project. He likes to take his frustrations to the club, for a good spanking, especially from his favourite daddy.

It's only a matter of time before world's collide.

Notes

Note on trans character: Oskar/Ozzie is on T, has had top surgery, and MrV is aware from the outset that he is trans. Being trans isn't one of the revelations and it is never an issue.

Chapter 1

Mason Verger was not a man who took kindly to criticism. Mostly because it was almost always undeserved, in that Mason Verger was absolutely sure that he was always right. He couldn't remember the last time he had been wrong. About anything.

Before his father had died in prison, serving a sentence for the massive corporate fraud that cost the family their fortune, he had been very encouraging of Mason. And whilst his sister Margot had tried to check his ego as they grew to adulthood, he was still quite aware of his own superior skills and abilities.

Of course, had his father's criminal behaviour not been uncovered, and perhaps had he not died, Mason would have inherited the family business. He couldn't say he felt terribly upset about not becoming a glorified pig farmer. The idea of business bored him, and the only entertainment he could possibly think he might have derived, would have been at the expense of the pigs. Perhaps there might have been some enjoyment in selective breeding, maybe in training them.

His father had never allowed them to have a dog.

Of course, animal lover and equine champion, Margot would likely have disapproved. In fact, she probably would have wanted rid of the pig slaughter altogether. Lucky then that neither of them had the problem of deciding what to do with the business.

Mason just counted himself luckier that their college funds had been placed in their names and couldn't be touched when his father's assets were seized. He figured he should also count himself lucky that his father's arrest had inspired him to go into law, rather than the business qualifications his father would have expected.

He hadn't had a huge sense of what was going on when his father was arrested, nor the trials or imprisonment, other than briefly having met the imposing man that was his father's lawyer. All he

had really been aware of was the cost. From the mutterings of others, it had become clear that part of the family fortune had been spent on lawyers fees. That was definitely something that had stuck with him when deciding his future career.

Mason glanced at the email again. He'd not long made partner at the firm - at a young age too - so it seemed shocking to him that people still questioned whether or not he was right.

Of course he was right. And he had replied to the email questioning this, in no uncertain terms. He wasn't about to take nonsense from a junior. Or even any of the other partners for that matter. He wasn't at the firm to make friends, he was there to make money, by doing something he was ruthlessly good at.

He was the star of the firm for crying out loud! He had already been considered somewhat of a wunderkind in his early days there, and that had been before he started writing his articles for mainstream press. Some called them edgy and fresh, others said they were harsh and condescending. He was just telling the truth of things, whether people liked it or not. They were set to make him a great success beyond the confines of the firm - as he was sure fate had always intended.

Although sending his rebuttal email had been a little soothing, it didn't remove the swirling pit of anger in his belly that he knew would grow worse until he did something with it.

He looked at the time. Almost eight in the evening. Mason closed his laptop and packed up his things, planning to throw them all into the trunk of his car and forget about work for the rest of the evening.

He needed to burn off this feeling, and there were only so places and so many ways to do that. Mason was well versed in them all.

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"Hi daddy, I was hoping I'd see you again," The bright eyed, curly haired redhead greeted Mason, slipping his hands around Mason's neck as he took a seat at the bar.

Mason made a noncommittal grumble, but let the boy press up against him, not wanting to acknowledge that he had certainly considered Ozzie being there when deciding where to go for the evening. For his release.

They had hooked up a handful of times now. The boy was a brat, often in need of a spanking, which was something that Mason enjoyed when he was in the mood. As he was now. And of course, Ozzie was clearly a brat in order to get what he wanted. Which was, at the least, a firm spanking from daddy.

Mason was more than happy to oblige. Even more so tonight.

He'd met many in the scene over the years who enjoyed pain, and he enjoyed inflicting it, albeit in this controlled setting. With safe words and consent. Even so, he had to admit that he had a knack for finding those who endured. Who had a high threshold and enjoyed the limits he could push them too.

And tonight he really needed that. Ozzie wasn't the most enduring that he'd encountered, but there was something about the way he teased and taunted, and wanted the pain that piqued Mason's

interest. They were well matched. And so whilst he might not push Ozzie as hard as some others he'd been with, he'd appreciate the pleasure they brought each other.

"Have you been a good boy?" Mason asked the words in a low taunt, knowing that it would bring out bratty laughter. A taunt in return, something he'd so far only tolerated from Ozzie and no other.

Ozzie let out a throaty laugh before ducking his head a little and looking up through lidded eyes, "I've tried daddy. It's just so hard being good."

"I think you just like being punished too much," Mason replied, lightly swatting Ozzie's ass as he did so.

Ozzie let out a low moan and pushed his ass back. "I need discipline, daddy,"

The words went straight to Mason's balls, and his cock twitched against his trousers.

"I have a room, daddy," Ozzie leaned in to whisper in his ear.

There were a fair number of private rooms at this club, as well as the basement which was just one big open playroom where people could be more public if they so wished. Mason always prefered privacy. He had to admit that he got off a little on the idea of no one seeing them. Of the potential to go too far and not stop and no one knowing. He could walk out of the club and into the night and no one would know. There was a thrill to that.

Of course, he wouldn't do that, and he knew that it really wouldn't be that simple. There was security, there were failsafes. But that wasn't going to stop him imagining the potential and getting all the harder for it.

Mason signalled the bartender to bring over some drinks and then turned to Ozzie, the excitement on the boy's face very clear. "Alright… I think it's time you had a good spanking."

The private hire room was one of the smaller ones, but it didn't matter much. It was one of the rooms with a bench. The sort of breeding bench that Mason had only heard about in farm talk until he started coming to places like this. Other rooms had racks and various other large equipment, a couple had beds. And each had the small collection hanging on the wall, of various implements - whips, canes and the like. For those who didn't bring their own.

Mason didn't care for them. He much preferred to use his hands - another connection with Ozzie, who really did prefer spanking to caning or whipping.

The bench was telling though. They didn't always fuck, in fact more often than not Mason didn't fuck because that wasn't the gratification he sought. But increasingly, that had been changing. They had been together maybe ten times, and had fucked at least half of those. Significantly more than he ever had with anyone else at a club.

"You want to be spanked or fucked?" Mason asked as Ozzie started to strip out of the very little he was already wearing - a thin t-shirt and skinny jeans. Mason never took off more clothes than necessary. He'd remove his jacket in order not to get too hot, and roll up his sleeves. But he never took off more than that. If he fucked, he would simply unzip his trousers and pull himself out.

He was there for pleasure and gratification, not for scrutiny. And even in the low lighting he didn't want the chance of someone seeing the scars his father's beatings had left him with. He'd been a

hard man and Mason had no doubt deserved the punishments, he was sure.

“Both,” Ozzie replied, biting on his lower lip in a very faux coy way. Especially considering he was now stood there, completely naked. He wasn’t petite but he did have a small frame. He was muscular like an athlete, but not overly so. Mason didn’t like the really muscular guys - always so full of themselves. He had a very small amount of reddish hair spattering his chest and just below his belly button, leading down to the red pubes and his sweet pussy.

Mason took in a deep breath, remembering the last time they’d fucked. He loved the way Ozzie clenched around him when he spanked him as they fucked.

“If… if that’s okay daddy?” Ozzie made a play of looking vulnerable, given away by the slight smirk at the corners of his mouth.

“Get on the bench,” Mason replied, loosening his collar a little before removing and hanging his jacket. He walked over and stood next to the bench, Ozzie’s ass already at a perfect height to receive punishment.

Mason rolled his sleeves, enjoying the anticipation in Ozzies’ panted breaths.

“Tell me, how naughty have you been?” Mason asked. He placed his palm lightly on Ozzie’s ass, making him startle slightly. He rubbed gentle circles of the soft flesh, already thinking about how hot it would feel after the spanking.

“So naughty daddy, at… at least thirty spanks…”

Mason stilled his hand at the words. He was a little surprised as he had only given Ozzie twenty before and that had been his limit. He was going to trust that the boy was prepared for it, but also anticipate that he might safe word. After all, he didn't plan on hitting him any less forcefully just because of the increase in number.

Mason suppressed an angry growl. He didn’t want Ozzie to safe word, not tonight. And the thought of continuing even if he did, was at the fore of Mason’s mind.

“Punish me…” Ozzie whined.

Mason drew back his hand and slapped it back down hard enough to make Ozzie cry out. He never went easy in these things. Every hit was meant to mark, he would leave Ozzie’s ass red and bruised. This was not the light spanking that some gave, and he knew that was why Ozzie came to him.

Even so… thirty?

When he reached five spanks on one cheek, Mason moved to the other. He knew that by the time he started back on the first cheek it would be all the more painful for the break.

“Oh fuck…” Ozzie groaned as Mason neared ten. He was going to start alternating the cheeks once he reached fifteen.

He continued hard, his hand smarting and his wrist aching. By the time they reached twenty one, Ozzie’s moans of wanton pleasure had turned into small cries of pain. But he didn’t safe word. And that made Mason strike him all the harder. Made his cock all the harder too.

The heat under Mason's open palm was exquisite. This was everything he had needed. A release of that energy that built up within him and needed to be expressed. Needed to find a way out in a way that wouldn't cost him anything.

"Fuck me… please… want to feel you…" They were almost at thirty and Ozzie's words came out slurred, he was so drunk on the pain.

Mason was so hard, so turned on by the way Ozzie took his punishment and how good his own emotional release felt.

He struck the last blow to a muffled whimper from Ozzie, and then moved behind him.

Without any hesitation, Mason pushed two fingers into the boy's wet sex and found him dripping. Clearly turned on by Mason's actions. Mason grinned, fucking his fingers in and out for a moment before pulling away.

Ozzie cried out at the loss. Mason stayed put but was able to lean across and reach into the bowl of condoms on the shelf - the benefit of a smaller room.

He opened the packet and rolled the condom. As soon as it was over his tip, he teased Ozzie's entrance with it as he continued to roll the rubber down. That earned him some more whimpers, and whispered pleas that he couldn't make out.

"You want me to fuck you?" Mason asked again, his cock pressing against Ozzie's pussy.

"Yeah," The word came out shaky, "Hard… rough… really fuck me… please…" Ozzie ended with a whine that turned into a groan as Mason wasted no time in pushing inside him. He sank straight to the hilt, hissing at the feeling of Ozzie tight around him.

And then Mason grabbed the boy's hips and began to move.

He fucked into him hard. Deep and rough each time, slamming into him. Their coupling made a wet fleshy sound, as Mason plunged into Ozzie and his balls smacked against his pussy.

Ozzie groaned and groaned. Almost one continuous noise, and Mason wasn't even sure how the boy was breathing now.

The bench was creaking as Mason fucked Ozzie into it, pressing him down and using his body like an animal.

"Always such a naughty boy," Mason growled out the words and gave a light slap to Ozzie's ass. That was all that was needed against the reddened flesh, to have Ozzie clench around him. Every few thrusts Mason repeated the action until Ozzie was sobbing.

But still no safe word.

It was perfect. Just what Mason had needed tonight.

He slapped Ozzie again as he felt his balls start to tighten. And, yes, Ozzie clenched again. This time it was all Mason needed to have him spilling inside the condom.

"Come in me daddy, so good…" Ozzie mumbled the words in a daze.

Mason continued to pump through his climax and then pulled out, leaving Ozzie a whimpering mess.

“Need to come…” Ozzie whined.

Mason pulled off the condom, trashed it, and zipped himself back into his pants. “I think you’ve been way too naughty to come, don’t you?”

Mason’s tone was edged with cruelty and he saw Ozzie shudder, amused that the boy didn’t disagree.

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Oskar woke up sore, in the best sort of way. He’d almost not gone to the club the night before, so he’d been really glad that he had when he saw Mr V walking to the bar.

They’d hooked up a number of times, and he loved the way Mr V was. Sometimes moody and silent, other times almost manic and talkative. But either way he always treated Oskar - Ozzie - the same. Rough and hard, just how Oskar liked it.

And he’d never been phased by Oskar being trans. He had of course been completely upfront, but unlike many others, Mr V had had no reaction at all. He’d just spanked him and fucked him just as Oskar liked. Better than anyone had before, actually.

Oskar liked to be spanked, liked having a daddy and being a brat about it. He wasn’t an easy sub. Wasn’t even sure he’d call himself a sub really. And so many Doms just wanted to tie him to a rack and whip him, or cane him. And whilst that was okay, and better than nothing. He liked flesh on flesh. He liked it to feel like punishment, whilst trying not to think too much about how his parents had been pretty lax on punishment when he was a kid. Mr V also prefered to spank, and if that hadn’t already been fantastic, he was an amazing fuck too.

He never took it easy on Oskar, as some did when they found out he had a vagina. Mr V fucked him hard and deep and pushed him right up to his limits with both pleasure and pain.

If he was honest, it had taken Oskar quite some resolve not to give the man his number the night before. It wasn’t like he wanted a permanent dom, and whilst they’d had conversations here and there on occasion, they didn’t exactly know each other that well. He just… wanted Mr V to fuck him and spank him as regularly as possible, and they weren’t always at the club on the same nights. Giving Mr V his number might have opened up possibilities, but equally it might have terrified the other man into backing off completely. After all, neither of them went by their real names, and having a phone number was a step more intimate than near anonymous hookups at a bdsm club.

Oskar sighed and then winced as he sat down at the chair in his home office. His ass was raw and the feeling of pain sent a jolt of pleasure through him. A feeling that would fade as the bruises did. For now he’d enjoy the sting.

He turned on the computer and pulled up his emails, as was his usual first task of the day.

Most of it was junk. A couple were sign offs on work he’d done. One was a request for a fee quote. And one was from the law firm he’d been dealing with the last year. He couldn’t say they were his favourite clients, but they were the best payers.

The email was marked urgent so he clicked on it first.

In the past he had done a few designs for them for publicity materials to the universities. Some art in the brochures too. But mostly it had all been very blocky designs that played on their logo, for their internal use. This request was completely different.

Apparently one of the new partners had written several well received articles in mainstream press, and had been approached with a book deal. It was all being done in conjunction with the law firm and so they wanted to keep the front cover in line with their branding rather than relinquish control of that to the publishers. As such they wanted Oskar to submit some ideas for them to pick over. And he was to expect a call or email that morning from the partner in question, as he wanted to have as much input as possible.

Reading between the lines, Oskar took input to mean control.

Really, this was the kind of job he hated. Where there were too many people involved who wanted a say. He was sure already of exactly how this would go.

He would get some further information from them, which would likely be vague because they don't really know what they want. Then he'd submit a few ideas, maybe some rough sketches and they would say no to all of them. And then maybe think them over again. And then ask for some more ideas. Which they would say the love but then would go back to one of the first ones he submitted but with a request for about twenty changes to it, essentially turning it into something else altogether. Something quite terrible that Oskar wouldn't want to put his name to.

And had it been any other client, he would have probably turned it down. But the law firm paid enough to compensate for the inevitable runaround.

Oskar sighed and replied to the email that he eagerly awaited their contact, before continuing with the rest of his emails.

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Okay, so the lawyer was a jackass.

Oskar couldn't put it any other way. After the first email, which had been rude and patronising, Oskar looked up the guy's articles.

Mason Verger wrote the most bullshit trash he'd ever seen. Pedalling it as legal tidbits, the language he used was harsh and they just came across as patronising. Like readers must be idiots not to already know these things.

Oskar was not looking forward to working with this man. And after the first few email exchanges, he was sure the same was true in return.

Verger had gone from just being condescending, through to be downright offensive. Questioning everything from Oskar's intelligence to his credentials.

Every exchange left Oskar fuming and feeling like he was a child. Being told off and bossed around, and they had barely started discussing ideas. Not that he had many ideas for the kind of trash he was sure this book was going to be.

It worked him up. It took less than a week for him to go back to the club by necessity. Usually he tried to leave it longer, but he needed to work off the stress.

He wanted to be spanked and fucked. And he hoped to god Mr V was there.

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Ozzie sat at the bar for an hour, hoping and waiting. If Mr V didn't turn up then he might try for someone else, just to work off this feeling. But he had become acutely aware over their increasingly frequent times together ,that no one could quite sate him as Mr V did.

Ozzie found himself once more considering giving the man his phone number. If he showed up.

He'd just decided to give it another hour, when he walked in.

Mr V looked stern and frustrated. Looked like he needed something as much as Ozzie did. In fact Mr V barely realised he was there when Ozzie joined him at the bar.

“Wanna play daddy?” Ozzie asked, knowing the desperation was clear in his voice.

Mr V raised a brow and looked at him. Not quite a scowl. It made Ozzie shudder.

“Are… Are you mad, daddy?” Ozzie asked, feeling his heart thumping. This felt like it was playing out in some different way than usual. There was a different energy, something dangerous and intoxicating.

Mr V didn’t answer, just signalled to the bartender and then indicated himself and Ozzie. The bartender brought over their usual drinks. Mr V knocked his drink back before turning to Ozzie.

“Do you have a room?” The words were growled.

“No, I can see if…” Ozzie started. Before he could finish, Mr V leaned in and kissed him, hard. Pulling him close and grinding against him.

“Get a room,” Mr V ordered as he pulled back.

Ozzie nodded and walked away, almost in a daze.

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"Oh fuck, oh fuck… daddy…" Ozzie cried out the words as he came, sobbing and pliant as Mr V continued to fuck him hard until he came with a grunt, deep inside Ozzie.

"Fuck that was…" Ozzie panted, unable to find the words. It was the best yet, and Mr V was the best yet. He wanted to beg the man to make a regular date. To swap numbers and-

Mr V was still inside him, not unusual. Sometimes he took a moment to gather himself before carefully pulling out. But then he felt the man fall forward. The press of him against his sore ass made Ozzie gasp at the pleasure tinged pain.

Mr V let out a shuddering breath next to his ear. "I needed that," Mr V growled the words and it almost felt like a threat. Like he would continue to fuck Ozzie past the edge of pain. He half expected that Mr V wouldn't pull out at all, but use him as a cock warmer untill he grew hard again.

The thought made Ozzie shudder.

Mr V felt that, and perhaps read something in it, because he started to gently bite at the back and side of Ozzie's neck. They'd never done this before, just the spanking and fucking. But Ozzie couldn't say he was opposed.

He found himself pushing back on Mr V's soft cock and moaning, "Yes… Please daddy."

Ozzie was sure he felt Mr V twitch, or perhaps it was just his imagination. Even so Mr V grunted and bit down harder as a hand reached around and found Ozzie's sensitive dick. He flicked his thumb over it, testing it before taking it between forefingers and thumb and starting to jerk Ozzie off.

"Fuck, oh fuck…" Ozzie closed his eyes and arched his back. He was spent and over sensitive, but this new situation was arousing him so much that it didn't take long for Mr V's fingers to work him up again. It had been a long while since he'd come again so soon, but he was so turned on he wasn't sure he had a choice in it.

"Daddy, daddy…"

Mr V clamped his teeth on the back of Ozzie's neck, rutting against him despite being barely hard. His hand working faster and harder until it was painful and then-

Ozzie cried out, his whole body shaking as he came again.

The clenching of his inner muscles pushed Mr V's dick out. He groaned, feeling the slide of the soft cock and wet condom slipping slowly out of him, ghosting over his g-spot in a way that made him wonder if he'd be able to come a third time.

"Daddy please…" Ozzie started to try and push Mr V away, and for a moment he thought the man wouldn't let him go. He bit down a little harder, very nearly breaking skin, before pulling away. And it felt to Ozzie like that had taken effort. He had a moment there of real fear.

Just a fraction of a second, but enough to send an unexpected thrill through him.

He was expecting Mr V to back away completely, but he didn't. He lowered himself again, nuzzling over the sore skin of Ozzie's neck and pressing against him. He wrapped his hands around in a light embrace.

"Are you okay, daddy?" Ozzie asked gently. The unexpected and unusual intimacy wasn't unwelcome, but it was surely a sign of something deeper going on.

Mr V grunted, and Ozzie couldn't help but sigh. If the man just wanted to spank and fuck through his frustrations, who was Ozzie to judge? He'd come to the club for the same reasons. But he couldn't help but be concerned.

They might as well be strangers, and yet on some levels Mr V knew him better than anyone else in his life ever had. Suddenly Ozzie had a desire to make that connection deeper. To comfort the man that now lay against him, nuzzling him like a lover.

"Wanna talk about it?" Ozzie asked gently.

Mr V let out a shuddering breath against his neck and Ozzie shivered.

“You are the best stress relief I’ve known,” Mr V’s words sounded almost sincere. As sincere as he’d ever heard from a man who usually taunted and punished him. As welcome as that was.

The temptation was there again. It would be so easy to give Mr V his name and number. They could continue this conversation in his bed, giving each other more stress relief. Perhaps Mr V would bite him harder? Fuck him hard as he sank his teeth in?

Ozzie let out a shaky breath, getting up the nerve. But then Mr V pulled away and started to right his clothes.

Their time together was over and he was left wondering once more when they might see each other again.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Strangely compatible

Oskar woke with a groan. He ached all over and was incredibly exhausted.

For three nights in a row, he and Mr V had fucked hard and brutal at the club. And each time, Oskar had been tempted to ask for his number. He hadn't, neither had they made arrangements to meet again, and yet there they both were night after night.

Every day he'd received more bullshit emails from the lawyer, who clearly thought he knew everything. Mr V and his increasingly hard fucking had been exactly what Oskar needed and was the only thing stopping him from losing his shit.

Oskar grabbed his phone and checked his emails, groaning as the movement pulled on the bruising bite mark on his shoulder. It was a nice pain, one that he wanted to luxuriate in.

That luxury was short lived when he opened his emails to find three knew ones from the crazy fucking lawyer. Oskar was pretty sure he was nuts but that seemed increasingly clear with each email. These were all short rants about Oskar's latest ideas and thoughts. All sent at a godforsaken time of the morning.

Oskar took a breath. He wasn’t going to respond until he was at his PC, and that would give him the time to calm down.

Mason fucking Verger wasn’t worth anymore of his time than he had to give. And if this hadn’t been for a good fee and the potential for future work, Oskar would have pulled out of the job. He hadn’t even got to sketching yet, Mason shooting down all his ideas before he even got to that point. And the ones Mason provided in return were fucking nuts. One idea was some nonsensical rambling about a pig in a three piece suit.

Oskar dropped his phone onto the bed and lay back with a sigh. He wondered if Mr V would be at the club for a fourth night in a row.

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Mason opened the reply to his emails and let out a hysterical laugh. The artist was useless. He didn’t understand any of Mason’s suggestions and worded his emails as though Mason were too stupid to understand anything.

If it hadn’t been for his being able to take out his frustrations on Ozzie every night this week, Mason might have damn well killed someone. Certainly this artist made him feel homicidal, to the point where he wondered if he could make it look like an accident. A really gruesome accident.

Getting away with murder, wouldn’t that have made daddy proud? Mason chuckled at the thought.

Feeling slightly manic, Mason wrote a reply email, veiled threats and taunts to this damn artist, that actually made his cock twitch. This artist was going to fall in line with what he wanted, or he'd have the firm fire him. It was as simple as that. If it came to it, they could just have a picture of Mason on the cover. A nice headshot, That would work.

Mason pressed send and left it at that.

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When Oskar read the email, his heart was in his throat. He fucking hated this man, but this was not worth losing work over. If it had just been this one job that would have been different, but the possibility of losing all future work from the firm sent a cold chill up his back.

He typed out a reply and then stepped away from his computer before he could send it. He had another commission to finish and his mind wasn't even in the right place for that. With that deadline looming, he just wanted Mason Verger sorted so he could concentrate. Even if that meant bending over backwards for the man.

Oskar grabbed his jacket and took a walk around the block, for some fresh air and to clear his mind. By the time he sat back down at his desk, he was ready to be done with everything. He read over Verger's email, and then his own reply. Then he took a few minutes to soften the language and take out all the snide comments. As well as the two curses that had snuck in.

Looking over it again, it was a professional version now, and Oskar sighed as he added the final sentence - realising it was likely the only way forward.

"Perhaps this would be easier to discuss in person. Please let me know when would be convenient to come to my studio, and I will be able to sketch up some ideas as we discuss."

Oskar let out a breath and pressed send.

His fingers were twitchy for minutes after, but even so it took him a short while before he felt ready to open up his other commission and get back to work on it. It was slow going, a struggle to get into, but had started to take shape when Oskar realised how late it had got.

He sat back in his chair and let out a heavy sigh. He was tempted to shower and go to the club, increasingly in need of the stress relief it brought. Most especially at the hands of Mr V, who seemed to have become the only person he was sceneing with these days. But with this commission so close to being finished, he knew he'd be more productive in the morning if he stayed home.

Oskar had pretty much decided on that when his email pinged.

Mason Verger's name flashed up on the alert and Oskar took a deep breath before opening the mail.

"I have a space in my diary 7 tomorrow evening. Give me the address and I will have a driver bring me by. I do hope this won't be a waste of my time."

Oskar let out a groan, stood from his desk and went to get ready for the club. .

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Ozzie moaned as Mr V pulled out of him, and they both collapsed forward onto the bed, Mr V draped over him. It had been the only available room, and one of the very few with a bed. It had

made an interesting change from a rack or a bench.

They had fucked hard and his shoulder was bruised with bites that they hadn't really talked about but he had allowed. He wasn't about to start pretending now that this was a conventional D/s situation. Definitely they both got something out of this, and it was all consensual, safe and sane, but after care was minimal. Etiquette in general was flouted and Ozzie found that working for him. He didn't know why, but he trusted Mr V, knowing the man wouldn't hurt him. He'd had every chance and hadn't. They both liked it this way - skirting the edge of how this should go. Ignoring all the conversations they should have had at some point, about their mutual limits, desires, no-gos. He just trusted Mr V would stop if he asked him to, and that was enough. That was all he needed when the way this was, was part of what he got out of it.

He heard the wet sound of Mr V removing the condom and then he collapsed over him, as had become routine now. He nuzzled at the bite marks he'd made. Not just this night, but older ones that were little more than fading bruises now.

Ozzie couldn't help wondering whether Mr V would ever like to fuck him face to face, bite at his shoulders and neck from that angle. It would be much more sensitive, perhaps more painful. He shuddered at the thought.

Mr V rested his limp cock in the crack of Ozzie's ass and breathed a sigh against the bruises. It was heavy, not the sort of sound he'd heard from the man before.

"Everything alright?" Ozzie couldn't help asking, despite the fact that they didn't really talk about personal things. Or at all really. This arrangement was almost exclusively physical until recently.

That seemed all the more evident when Mr V went rigid against him for a moment before drawing in a deep breath.

'Work," He finally let out. "I hate having to deal with idiots."

The words were harsh and the tone made Ozzie shiver. The same tone the man used to taunt him. Not quite humiliation but something near enough for Ozzie to comfortably enjoy.

"Huh, I understand that. I have a meeting tomorrow that I'd rather have a lobotomy than attend. Having to deal with a total prick." Ozzie found himself venting without thinking.

There was a moment of silence before Mr V let out a dark chuckle and replied, "I'm much in the same boat." He hesitated, and Ozzie knew it was because he wasn't sure how much he wanted to share. Mr V had always been private. It wasn't as though they had ever talked much, but he had always been stoic even when they had.

Even so, Ozzie noted the change in tone from the man's usual taunting. There was something deeper there, maybe even darker. He was clearly a man that liked to get his own way. The sort that, he was sure he'd hate to deal professionally for that exact reason. But in the bedroom? Ozzie found himself shivering, a slight throbbing between his legs.

Mr V sat back, pulling his weight off of Ozzie and then rolling him over. He settled back between Ozzie's legs, looking into his eyes as he lowered over him again.

Ozzie swallowed. They had never looked at each other like this before and it felt more intimate than anything they'd ever done before.

Mr V studied him for a moment before speaking in a low growl, "Sometimes I want to... just choke the life out of people. Idiots who have no idea how to…" He trailed off.

No doubt registering the way Ozzie was breathing heavily. He knew he should be scared, but he couldn't help but be really turned on.

"I'd let you choke me, if you like…" Ozzie offered without even thinking. Already wet at the thought of it. It definitely wasn't the first time he'd considered something like that, and really it seemed only a little more extreme than things he'd already done. Mostly with Mr V. He trusted him.

He took hold of one of Mr V's hands and drew it up to his throat, until it was circled softly around it. Ozzie felt Mr V shudder as he wrapped his legs around him, keeping them close together.

There was a very slight squeeze and Ozzie's breath hitched. He moaned and looked at Mr V, knowing the man would see the want there.

Mr V's breath hitched. A split second later he was pulling away, moving from between Ozzie's legs and scrambling to get his clothes.

*

By the time 6.30 arrived, Mason was feeling on edge. He had been since the night before.

Since Ozzie had said he'd let him choke him.

He wanted to. Damn, did he want to. He just wasn't sure he'd be able to stop. So far everything and anything he'd done with Ozzie and others before him, had involved some degree of pain play and punishment. And he knew that he got something different from it than most Doms. He liked it. He liked being violent.

He thought about his childhood and how different things might have been if his father had been around. Or had been in anyway a loving parent when he had been. The things he might have got away with, with enough money to cover up... But he knew well enough to control himself. He wasn't a complete animal.

He just wanted to be. When he could be. Like when he was with Ozzie. But even then he held back, despite it seeming like Ozzie always wanted more and could take more. He was pretty damn perfect in that regard.

And there was more. A spark between them when they did talk. Not just when he begged to be spanked or fucked. When he wanted daddy to teach him a lesson. But also those few moments, like the night before, where they spoke candidly.

Maybe too candidly, Mason considered. Though his revelation had done far from scare Ozzie off, as it might have any others.

And that had been terrifying, he had realised. Though it had taken a moment to identify the emotion as he raced out the door.

He had decided though, on the trip home. Tonight, after this damn meeting, he would go back to the club. And every night he had to in order to see Ozzie again, and then he would bring him home and fuck him in his bed.

Tie him up and spank him, fuck him as he choked him. And then in the morning they could do it all over again.

Verger's intercom buzzed and he pressed the accept button, "Sir, your car is here."

"Yes, fine." He snapped and ended the call.

Mason huffed as he stood and shrugged into his jacket. He planned to make quick of this meeting, and likely fire the artist by the end of it. Not only was it now incredibly annoying, it was standing between him meeting with Ozzie again.

*

Oscar lay everything out on his work table. All the ideas and sketches he'd done so far from the spec - none of which had been what Verger wanted. He hoped that seeing them in person instead of on screen, would, at the least, show some ideas Verger might like that they could still use.

He closed everything else on his computer except a few more designs as examples, as well as the programme he used for digital art. His sketchbook was on the table, so no matter what, in whatever medium, this meeting was going to end with some sort of idea ready to be fleshed out.

Seven came and went and there was no sign of the asshole.

With no call or anything, Oskar felt no desire to be the one to get in touch. He'd leave that until at least eight.

Oskar huffed and paced. He was still on edge from the night before. Mr V had been so raw and honest with him, and when he'd been the same back, Mr V had freaked out.

He could still remember the light press of his fingers, and it had made him hard and wet. He wanted Mr V to fuck him whilst both hands were around his throat. He trusted him with the act, but he wasn't sure Mr V trusted himself. Or maybe he had been scared off by the idea of turning a fantasy into a reality.

It wasn't like Oskar was oblivious to this darker side of Mr V. It was what had attracted him. He got something from Mr V he had never got from a Dom. And what they did, maybe it wasn't right. But it was what they both wanted. Certainly what they both enjoyed.

When this stupid fucking meeting was over, he'd go to the club and see if he could find him. Hoping the man wasn't going to avoid him and instead he could say all this to his face.

Oskar was completely distracted by these thoughts when the bell for the outer door rang. Oskar looked at his watch, it was nearly 7.30, so he had no compunction about answering rather brusquely.

"You're late," He snapped into the intercom.

Someone at the other end cleared their throat and then replied, "Mr Verger for Oskar Everett, please. Can you buzz him in?"

Did he have the driver ring the bell? What a fucking douche. Oskar's jaw clenched and he wanted to tell him more than ever to fuck off. But he was here now, this last ditch attempt at getting this sorted.

"Fine," Oskar snapped back and pressed the buzzer to open the outer door to the apartments. He opened his own door a crack and then went to the kitchen to start the coffee pot.

*

By the time he exited the lift on the artist's floor, Mason wore a sneer. One that was laced with amusement. There was something rather delicious about having been invited to a face to face meeting, given that it was likely going to end with him firing the artist in no uncertain terms. He was already relishing the thought of tears pricking at the man's eyes as Mason took the first step in ending his career.

Cruel? Yes, the kind of businessman his father would have been proud of, and certainly the kind he had been. Very much the influence that had made Mason successful at litigation.

It helped to feel no real empathy towards the man. Rarely towards anyone really, and again another trait that had made him a successful litigator.

Mason found the apartment door open, and so stepped inside without announcing himself, enjoying the slight feeling of having an upper hand. He closed the door quietly behind him and stood completely motionless as he listened for sound in the apartment.

Other than the very soft sound of a percolating coffee pot, there was a quiet shuffling of papers coming from the little corridor off of the main living space he had walked into. Mason smirked as he strode purposefully towards the noise, finding another open door.

Within there was a man with his back to him, moving some papers around on a work table. Mason took the opportunity to study him, completely unnoticed. Especially now that the sound of the clearly archaic percolator had begun to reach a crescendo.

Mason looked around, taking in the room that was clearly the man's office. It was simultaneously neat and messy, which he felt said a lot about the man. Something he expected of an artist whose art was a business. The chaos of creativity, and the order required to temper it into a business. Even Mason had to admit that earned Oskar Everett some kudos.

He was quite happy to stand there watching the man fuss over what was undoubtedly to be their meeting space, when the perculator reached fever pitch.

"Fuck," Everett cursed under his breath, and turned towards the door.

He stopped still when he saw Mason standing there.

And Mason found himself frozen to the spot as well.

*

"What the…" Were the only words Oskar was able to get out before the perculator started to make that god awful bubbling noise when it failed to turn itself off. Piece of shit.

He pushed past the man in the doorway, who was somehow Mr V, and raced to the kitchen. There was no time to consider anything other than the old and faulty kitchen appliance in that moment. Oskar ripped the plug from the socket, not wanting to get too close to the machine as hot water started to bubble over, before leaning back against the counter.

Oskar took a couple of deep breaths. Drama in the kitchen averted, he was sure another sort was just about to begin.

Were his eyes playing tricks on him? Was he so stressed about this whole assignment that he had imagined Mr V in his apartment?

The click of expensive shoes on his wooden floors confirmed that there was in fact someone in the apartment. He could hear the footsteps coming nearer, knowing that when the man arrived at the kitchen, he'd look nothing like Mr V, that would have all been a trick of his overworked mind.

Mr V wasn't…

Verger?

A slight tremor went through Oskar and he wanted to recoil from the whole situation. Mr V couldn't be Mason Verger, that would be…

The man turned the corner, stood before him in one of his usual upmarket suits, his hair as wild as ever despite clear attempts at taming it. And a dark look in his eyes.

There was no doubt that Mr V was in fact Mason Verger.

*

"You," Was the only word Mason was able to utter as he stood looking at the man in the kitchen. His running from the room had been a blur, but he couldn't doubt that Oskar Everett was in fact Ozzie.

His Ozzie, who he fucked and bit and spanked. The one who called him daddy and acted like a brat just so he would get punished all the more. Mason couldn't help the twitch of his cock, even as his brain reconciled this as being the same man who had been infuriating him over the whole book cover situation.

"Me," Ozzie/Oskar answered with a growl. The expression he wore was dark, the frown making it even more so. Mr Everett was not best pleased with this revelation, that much was certain.

Collecting himself entirely, and letting the lines between their varied acquaintances bleed together, Mason replied, "I can't be surprised. Your emails screamed for a spanking, brat."

Oskar's face went red. The way his jaw clenched and his ears flushed, hinted that his flush was from a combination of embarrassment, humiliation and anger.

"How fucking dare you," He snapped.

Mason was amused by this turn, unable to stop his grin even as the tone made his eyes widen. He had never experienced Ozzie in this way before, and despite enjoying his brat with a daddy kink, Mason couldn't help but enjoy him like this too.

"How dare I?" Mason spoke the words slowly and thoughtfully, pondering over them. He finally replied with a deliberate and amused coolness, "I've fucked you whilst you've begged daddy to spank you, I should have known the emails were from someone who is somewhat of a hellion. Tell

me, if I put you over my knee now, how hard would I need to spank you to get you to capitulate on how I would like the cover art?"

Mason was grinning all the more as Oskar's face flushed ever deeper.

"Get the fuck out," He finally barked.

"Is that anyway to treat daddy?" Mason played at pouting but it just came out as the taunt it was meant to be.

"You're fucking unbelievable," Oskar replied, though the fight was going out of his words. "I suggest, in the interest of business, we forget having met before and get on with this damn book cover that should have been finalised by now."

Mason let out a chuckle, but nodded anyway. He had always enjoyed watching Ozzie squirm and it looked like he was about to get that in spades.

He turned and started back towards Oskar's office, not even attempting to hide the erection obscenely tenting his pants.

*

"It's not going to be a fucking pig," Oskar lost his shit. He had tried so hard not to but at this point it had become clear that Mason was just fucking with him. Trying to get a rise out of him, and so far he'd resisted giving the man what he sought.

It was all the more clear that this exact reaction was what Mason Verger was looking for, when he broke into a wide grin. They had been arguing for over an hour, and finally Oskar had been the one to break.

They had talked about the ideas, or more accurately, they had argued. The moment they had reached the office space, they had started to argue. Mason insisting that Oskar not show him more of the same poor ideas and designs. Oskar maintaining that Mason wouldn't know a good design if it shat in his lap. And more than that - angered that Mason was using his proclivities against him. Trying to insinuate that how he did business was akin to how he fucked around. That he just wanted someone to tell him what to do and take him in hand like the brat he was. Reiterating that they should just go with the pig idea, was the last straw.

Oskar had been pacing the office, and now Mason stood. Maybe to intimidate him or some shit? He wasn't sure. It was so discombobulating to reconcile Mr V and Mason Verger. Not that they weren't clearly one and the same. It was more that Oskar wasn't.

Oskar was Oskar for business. Ozzie was just for play, and he wasn't fucking playing.

"You're so rude to daddy," Mason taunted.

Oskar stopped his pacing, going toe to toe with the man before responding in a low voice, "Cut that shit out or leave."

To that Mason quirked a brow, amused.

And then he pressed his hand against the front of Oskar's pants. Startled, and with no time to prepare for the intimacy, Oskar let out a low moan.

Honestly, he'd been hard and wet this whole time, and he'd been doing so well, ignoring it in favour of professionality.

Until it was clear they were getting nowhere.

"You want to fuck me daddy? Is that it?" Oskar hissed. "Think you'll get your own way if you fuck me hard enough?"

Oskar didn't pull away, but made no other move either, simply allowing Mason to tease him through his pants.

"I have absolutely no expectations at this point, but I do have this…" Mason took a gentle hold of Oskar's hand and pressed it to his own solid erection.

Oskar moaned again, keeping his hand there even as Mason removed his. He rubbed at Mason's cock and couldn't help but tremble at the thought of it inside him.

"You're a fucking asshole," Oskar grit out, jaw clenched.

Mason let out a sadistic chuckle and nodded, "I'm sure you've already realised that."

Mason removed his hand from Oskar's crotch, grinning all the more at the whimper that pulled from him.

Before Oskar had chance to react any further, Mason grabbed his hips roughly, pulling him closer and starting to undo his pants. When he'd got them down to the top of Oskar's thighs, he ripped his boxers down too, so harshly that they grazed over his skin.

Oskar yelped as Mason turned him and bent him over the work table. He held him in place with one hand and Oskar could hear him releasing his cock with the other.

Mason pressed his hand down firmly, ensuring Oskar knew to stay. Then there was rustling and the sound of a wallet being dropped to the ground, a condom wrapper being ripped open.

Oskar was panting against the designs under him, trembling with anticipation.

It was a matter of a swift move. Mason was lined up with him, and then pushing deep into him. Oskar cried out as Mason sank to his balls and held there.

"Oh fuck… fuck…" Oskar's eyes rolled as the words fell from his mouth. He could feel his whole body vibrating, so close to having come in that instant.

Mason pulled slowly back, but that was the end of any gentleness. When he pushed back in it was hard and deep. He set a brutal pace, fucking into Oskar so that their skin slapped obscenely togther.

"Oh fuck… Oh god, daddy…" Oskar couldn't help the words spilling from his mouth as Mason roughly fucked him.
This was crazy, Oskar knew. They shouldn't be doing this.

But it was hard to care when all the sketches he'd laid out on the table were now being crumpled beneath him.

"Oh daddy," Oskar groaned over and over as Mason pounded into him. He wanted to think it was difficult to imagine that Mason Verger and Mr V were one and the same, but it wasn't at all. Immediately the two separate men in his mind coalesced, leaving him with just the one. One that he wanted to call daddy but also wanted to throttle.

Mason growled before replying, "You need to do as your told," punctuating the words with thrusts. "Be daddy's good boy and create the cover he wants."

Oskar let out a little whine but all the same began fucking himself back on Mason's cock as he replied, "No daddy." And then firmer, "Your ideas are bad, we're going with mine no matter how hard you spank me."

"Such a brat," Mason replied angrily, his grip on Oskar's hips tightening.

"Only for you daddy," Oskar replied in a cheeky tone, clenching around Mason.

Mason shook and grunted.

*

Mason woke in sheets that were not his. He could practically feel the terrible thread count against his naked flesh.

The criticism was lost to the ether as Oskar groaned and stretched against him, before nuzzling further against his body. Fingers running gently over the thin scars on his back, making him shudder.

Mason blinked.

Had they just fucked, slept and woken up together? Of course, he knew they had, but there was still something entirely unbelievable about it. It simply wasn't something Mason Verger did. That went all the more so for being naked and being touched as he was. No one had ever laid hands on him like that before. He never allowed it. But now he found he didn't want Oskar to stop, feeling the warmth of his fingers as though they were healing those old scars.

But this was different. For want of a better term, he had perhaps met his match. Someone who wasn't intimidated by him, but submitted to him for their own pleasure. It made his cock throb. But more, it made his chest ache.

"The scars are-" Mason started, but Oskar cut him off, shushing him gently.

"It doesn't matter, you have no obligation to tell me. Unless you want to, and then just when you are ready."

Mason paused for a moment and nodded, saying nothing further but feeling a strange warmth in his chest at the knowledge that he could.

Mason scalded himself inwardly, his father would say he'd gone soft. Though his father would have also said a great deal more things than that were he aware of Mason's proclivities. Harsher words with harsher feelings behind them. Maybe he was soft?

He should never have seen the same person so many times. Despite his desire to seek Ozzie out time and again, he clearly shouldn't have. He should have realised an attachment of some kind was

forming. And now here there were. The place he had never expected nor wanted them to be, even when he had planned to take Ozzie home. That would have been just to fuck. Impersonal and convenient.

He hadn't planned for a domestic setting. Not just pleasure and sating and mutual understanding, like at the club.

"Stop thinking," Oskar groaned the words against Mason's chest, "I can feel you grinding your teeth."

Mason pushed Oskar back a little, rolling until he was half over the naked body beneath him.

"Don't you have any concerns over this?" Mason asked.

Oskar looked thoughtful for a moment and then shrugged, "It is what it is. I guess if I had strong concerns I should have kicked you out the moment I saw you. Feels a bit late to be concerned now. I… don't see why anything has to change."

Oskar tentatively took hold of one of Mason's hands and drifted it up his body and to his neck. Pressing Mason's fingers around him, so that the man's hand circled the column of his throat.

Mason squeezed ever so slightly and Oskar groaned, rutting against him in response.

"Nothing needs to change, daddy," Oskar said sweetly, grinding slightly against Mason's morning wood. "You just need to know when to give me what I want…"

Oskar pulled on an innocent, wide-eyed expression and blinked, waiting for a response. Mason tightened his fingers around his throat just a fraction more, even knowing that wasn't entirely what he meant.

He should consider this further, after all the back and forth and nonsense. But there was a need for capitulation and for once it would be from Mason.

"I've changed my mind. I like your first idea. We'll go with that." Mason said softly.

Oskar rolled his eyes and let out a groan, nodding his head nonetheless.

Mason squeezed.

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